FROM FAR AND NEAR.

A very pretty style for a group photo-graph is that of a row of profiles brought as closely as possible together. In For-ster's "Life of Dickens" an engraving is

given of such a picture of the author, his wife and his sister-in-law. This is exactly in the fashion much used of late for sev-eral heads together.

A young woman illustrator has found as much work as she can do lately in a new line. She buys a copy of some descriptive work, one with wide margins, and a rivulet of reading through the page, but not already illustrated. This she adorns with pen and ink sketches through the book, and then sells them to the publisher, who gives her a good price for her work.

again was as good as a play.

Two men died lately who were famous in large measure through their wivest John Maxwell, hisband of Miss Braddon, the novelist, and W. J. Demorest, husband of Madame Demorest, who some years ago was an oracle to thousands perplexed as to matters of dress. And do you remember when Miss Braddon was regarded as the incarnation of all that was seneational in literature? To-day her early books seem conventional and distinctly proper compared with the perfervit novels and "studies" in which the heroines break all the commandments, as well as Priselan's head.



The much discussed question—the education of our girls—is always one of vital interest to parents. It lies so near to a mother's heart that she finds it a subject for frequent meditation. The theme in print slways catches her eye and she searches the words that follow, hoping for new light and guidance in her own experience and duty in that line. The following extracts are from a paper by Eva Pauli van Sykes, in the Midiana Magazane, of this month:

What teaching shall we give to the girls who are to bring up the next generation of Americans? It is a question of the highest moment. Upon the answer which this generation gives to it depend the welfare and happiness of the generations to come. No man or woman who has a daughter to bring to womanhood, or a son to be mated with a young woman of the greatest factor in the development of a child is motive. A boy is taught from the beginning that to be dependent is unmanly. Every reputable man has his own way to make in the world, while we allow our girls to feel that somebody will take care of them—always—first the father, then the boys, none for the girls.

We must teach our girls that the greatest happiness and good in this life is the result of usefulness, not adornment of person. Far too many of our little girls are taught that "to be a little laily" is the one desirable thing. "My dear, be a little laily" and "don't soil your white apron" fall on their ears so often that they soon begin to think of their clothes and how they look in them, and what others think of them, and then the sweet naivete of childhood is gone and vanity takes its place—or, worse still, the dear girl, who should early be taught to realize the great possibilities of her womanhood, begins to wish she had been born a boy.

I would not disparage or make light of this sort of instruction to a certain extent. "To be a "day" is a most desirable attain."

There is a delusion that, with most men, ignorance is woman's greatest charm. A man may not like his wife or his sister to display more knowledge than he himself his, but every man does like intellectual sympathy. The most conservative man's ideal of woman requires above all that she he charming; that she should please, and there is something abourd in the notion that education will interfere with this ideal.

of strong coloring, and has given every possible proof that her future will be a happy record of success, crowned with immortality. MINNIE RAMP.

Health and intellect are equally important. Dr. Price's Baking Powler furnishes wholesome food for the body, and the brain thrives.

Home From the Hill.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea

Let us teach our girl, then, that her education is not thrown away, if she should choose to quietly settle down after graduation to be the guide of a home circle. She may be a greater benefactor than one who becomes famous through scientific discovery. The study and practical care of the needs and comforts of a home and the education of children is the highest and grandest opportunity yet afforded to woman. The world may take care of itself, but the home cannot. Let the girl grow naturally, as we do the boy, and give her the benefit of the broadening influence of public spirit and responsibility. Let her have a thare in all these widening circles of duty in the home, and then we shall see her reaching the highest type of womanhood, competent to meet any demands that may be made upon her.

It ranks first of all leavening agents, Dr.

It ranks first of all leavening agents, Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

Would Not Bid Against Her. Would Not Bid Against Her.

Westchester Local News: The smallest sum ever realized by a sheriff's sale in Lancaster county was that just received from the sale of the personal property of Isaac Waiton, of Mount Nebo. A few years ago he was a prosperous merchant, but a series of misfortunes ended in his mancial ruin. At the sale just held only neighbors were present, and these refused to bid against Mrs. Walton. The sheriff first offered the goods at their supposed value in dollars, finally dropping to cents, and in the end Mrs. Walton bought in everything for 31 cess.

A YOUNG AMERICAN ARTIST.

A Sketch of the Work of Clara Taggart McChesney, Who Excels in Her Pict-ures of Holland Life.

"Home Is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill."

—R. L. S.

Let the weary body lie
Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
By the Southern wave;
While the island holds her trust
And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
The long night of death.

But the spirit free from thrall, Now goes forth of these To its birthright, and inherits Other lands and sens; We shall find him when we seek him In an older how In an older home—
By the hill and streams of childhood
"Tis his weird to roam.

In the fields and woods we hear him Laugh and sing and sigh; Or where by the Northern breakers Sea birds troop and cry; Or where over lonely moorlands Winter winds fly fleet Or begunny graves he hearkens Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him;
Mother, he was fain
Nimbly to retrace his footsteps;
Take his life again
To the breast that first had warmed it,
To the tried and true—
He has come, our well beloved,
Scotland, back to you,
—W. Robertson Nicoli in Blackwood's,

SHE REIGNS SUPREME.

The Craze Has Invaded Scarfpins, Brooch es, Vases-Also Table Silver Furnishings.

JEWELRY A LA TRILBY.

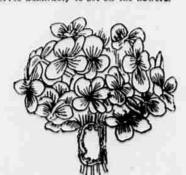








THE NEW FLOWER PIN. The very latest wrinkle with the jewelers is the violet holder shown in the illustration. It is called a violet holder because it is designed principally for Easter use, but it is useful for all flowers worn in binches. It is a decided improvement over all other methods of fastening flowers to the dress. It is made of sterling silver and serves admirably to set off the flower and serves admirably to set off the flowers.



BUNCH OF VIOLETS HELD BY A PIN. The holder proper consists of two curved wings which, operated by a colled spring at their joint, embrace closely the bunch of stems. The spring allows them to be opened to insert the flowers. For fastening the holder to the dress there is a pin at the back.—New York World.

Hard times enlarge the sales of Price's Baking Powder because it is the most economical to use.

W'en Ma's Away.

W'en ma's away it seems as though
Th' sky gits dark an' folks must know
'At sump ns wrong; an' nen it's chill,
An' dreary home—th' house is still
An' creepy-like—

W'en ma's away.

W'en ma's away they ain't no fun; I jest set roun' an' can't eat none, An' feel my heart begin t' sink At all th' accidents I think Has happened sure— W'en ma's away.

W'en ma's away up to that place
Where hary angel's got a face
'S kind 's her's I b'leeve I'll die
An' foller her, cause I can't try
An' live alone—
W'en ma's away.
—Arthur Chapman in Chleage Record.

farther away, he believed the pictures would be right satisfactory."

The rector of 100 years ago had somewhat peculiar ideas as to the qualifications of a gratic, if one may judge from the following curious advertisement, which appeared in the St. James Chronicle of May 4, 1785:









"What did they say"" inquired the art-







THE BLOUSE OF PASHION.

SUNDAY MORNIDG MUSINGS.

In Which Vexed Questions Are Answered in a Practical Way and Nature Gives the Balm of Her Presence.

"And our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud and shall be dispersed as the mist that is driven with the beams of the sun." So read one who, herdless of Biblical lore, paused to meditate, to fathom the mysteries embodied in the morrow. And thus did a new light dawn upon that vexed question, "To be or not to be." It came through the old admonition bequeathed by our early ancestors, "Do the best you can." How many doleful "I cantes" have been answered by those five little words! How many shams have been parloned when the perpetrator uttered them." Yet one must "to thine own soff be true" to derive any genuine solace from the

ful to yourself-for no matter how unpala-table the truth is, its distantefulness is in-treased tenfold by coming from a stranger. To not essay anything beyond you, or even though you venture on the theory, noth-ing risked, nothing gained, be prepared for the worst. In fact, learn to expect noth-ing. Even if anticipation is the purest part of pleasure we pay dearly for it, as it wholly units us to enloy the very limited amount of pleasure to be found in the realization.

Nevertheless, methinks there must be one way to prevent disappointments. Only to enjoy the solidude that complete fisolation from every one brings! To have one's pathway as free from tempation as the flowers and trees. Are we not as subservient to nature as they? And yet what peace and quiet reigns among them, If the most tragrant of all droops and falls to beautify the place allotted to it, no harsh words or sneers await it, no more than if the agrees await it, no more than if the agreesive sunflower, with its most show of himblity, should fade and die. Will humanity ever be elevated to the grand nobliny of nature? Then indeed would the world be transformed for truly when 'In solitude the soul lays aside the morbid flusions which troubled her and assumes the pure consciousness of nature and of its author.

E. R. MARLINGTON.

Awakening.

Never yet was a springtime.
Late though langued the snow.
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime. Never yet was a springtime When the buds forgot to blow,

Ever the wings of the summer Are folded under the mould; Life, that has known ne dying, is love's, to have and to hold. Till sudden, the bourseoning Easter! The song the green and the gold! Margaret E. Sangster in April Harper's,

Inhabitants of Mars have probably caught a whiff of biscuit made with Dr. Price's Baking Powder, and have, therefore, been frantically signalling for them.

What the Chicken Picked Up.
Galveston News: Colonel W. D. Bettis, of Orange, Tex., has a valuable opal about the size of a grain of peaberry coffee, that he wears in a scarfpin. Yesterday he called up a pet chicken and took it in one hand while he allowed it to pick some grains of corn from his other hand. The chicken soon swallowed the half dozen grains that were held out to it, and looking about for more spied the opal and struck it, but did not quite dislouge it from the setting. As quick as a thash the bird made another and more successful grah at the stone, tearing it out and swallowing it. The chicken was a great pet in the family, but opals cost more than chickens. A council of war was called, and it was decided that the opal must be found even at the cost of a life, so about two hours later the chicken was executed, and the copal discovered lodged in its giazard.

An Adjunct to the Court. What the Chicken Picked Up.

John H. Woodbury, and Facial Blemishes. 20 Years' Experience. Free Consultation.

The John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute is the largest in the world for the treatment of skin, scalp, nervous and blood diseases, and removal of an facial blem-ishes. No cure-alls or secret wonder-work-ing medicines are used, but each patient is treated by regular registered physicians, who adapt the treatment to the individual conditions, using the very best medicines and finest electric machines and appliances. Send a stamp for 132 page book, illustrated, on Beauty and Dermatology.

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John H. Woodbury is known all over the world as the inventor of Woodbury Soap, a pure antiseptic toilet soap for the skin, scalp and complexion. All druggists sell it, and this neckless head trade-mark is on the wrap-



Love's Gifts. Love's gifts? Love has ne gifts. For if love give, Then must we stand spart a space, that May give, and one may take. But thou and I
Who-loving-live so close, where have we room.
To give? Close in thy heart am I, and thou in mine, and never gift doth pass from me To thee or thee to me; for lo, we love!
And, loving, know no want but of more love.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report



are expected

The costume and knickerbockers are of fancy lainage or whipcord. Belt of white leather. Scotch tartan stockings, Boots, with yellow leather uppers, Soft felt hat trimmed with two wings, He-When do you expect to leave the city for the summer? She-Our arrangements are not made yet. We have been waiting to hear the